MORE HAPPY

NEWES

FROM

IRELAND.

Of a battell fought betwixt the Scottish volunteers against the Irish Rebels,

The like never came to

ENGLAND.

BEING

A most True and Reall Relation of a

Great Overthrow of the Rebels, by three thousand English Protestants, and five and twenty hundred Scottish Volunteers, Decemb. the 28. 1641. who pursuing them so close, made them run upon a Bog, and so encompassing them round, put all to the sword, to the number of two and twenty hundred.

By whose Confusion two English Ladies were happily redeemed from the villanous Abuses of their Grand Captaine, Captaine Vaul.

As is credible reported in a Letter sent from the Major of Westchester to a friend of his a Marchant of London the last day of December, 1641.

With other memorable Accidents worth the Notice.

Brought over by John Hodges poste.

LONDON, Printed for *IOHN GREENSMITH*, 1642.

Captaine Wat thatcmell Tyran

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JUNE 7, 1916

MORE HAPPY

Newes from Ireland, being a true and reall Relation of that great Overthrow which was given to the Rebels, Decem. the 26. 1641. by 3000. English souldiers lately gone over, and 2000. Scottish Volunteers.

OF all externall crosses, and corporall afflictions incident to miserable man in this world, nothing is more terrible, nothing so hatefull, and nothing so much atales him as war in this world; and the devouring sword of the unmercilesse enemies: Famine is much, and want of breads for in extremitie it will make an indulgent Mother feed upon her owne child, and againe, the child to fall upon his Mother that bore him, and with *Brutus* to stab him to the heart that begat him.

So is the Pestilence that destroyes at noone day, feareful and deplorable. But neither of these comparable to the sword; for as *Hicaceia* the Queen said to *Salomon*: so I may say to the Readers of this booke, that they have not heard the

one halfe; for in the ſword there is more cruelty, more villany, and more ſad diſaſters then is already heard by report.

Wherefore the Prophet *David* in the 2 Book of *Samuell*, and the 24. *Chooſe rather to fall into the hands of the Lord to indure ſeven yeeres of Famine, or three dayes of peſtilence, then to flee three moneths before his enemies.*

For he knew that with God there was mercy, but no mercy to bee looked for at the hands of men, and eſpecially of wicked, ungodly, and irreligious, as the papiſts of *Ireland* the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe, whoſe ſtorie thus follows.

Captain *Paul* beforementioned, like a violent Sea devouring all before him, committing horrible out-rages, ſparing neither man, woman, nor child: after the cruell murdering of many hundred proteſtants, forcing of Matrons, and raviſhing of tender virgins, about the North part of Ireland, intending to proſecute his vngratious and nefarious out-rages more nigh the Metropolitan of Ireland, and City of Dublin.

Thus hee marched with his blacke diſplayed Enſigne, threatning fire and ſword to all hee met with. Without condition of men though they yeelded & implored it on their faces with teares, being (as is ſaid of Caligula) *Cutem ſanguinum Maceratum*, a lumpe of clay ſoak't in bloud.

Approaching neere *London-derry*, he met with a poore

a poore ſcattered troope of 40. proteſtants, being beat from their owne homes, were flying where they could find ſuccour for themſelves, and their tender Infants ſucking at their Mothers breaſts.

The ſilly women ſeeing theſe unmercileſſe wolves cryed out moſt lamentably, and ſo with their husbands offered to make an eſcape: but in vaine: for *Vaul* and his helliſh company ſurprized them, and in mockers bid them flye?

Why doe you not run away, ſaid hee. The poore women beg'd, with two Ladies of good worth for mercie, with bended knees, their hands up, and their teares trickling downe their pale cheekes.

But this hell-hound would not relent, but firſt bidding his ſouldiers ſatiſfie their Luſt upon them, their husbands looking on, put them all to the ſword, onely reſerving the two Ladies for further villany.

Without either reſpect to Sexe or Age. But one Act was moſt deplorable, like to that of *Nero*, when hee ript up his Mothers wombe to ſee where he lay, for a grand-woman big with child, after his ſouldiers had villanouſly abuſed her, moſt cruelly run'd her through the belly with their ſwords, till the poore Infant in his Mothers bloud fell out of the macerated womb.

After this they set forward still like ravening wolves to devoure the silly sheep they met with: But as *Bajazet the Turke* was interrupted by *Tamberlaine*; so was this Monster of mee with at last, and had his full measure heaped downe, and running over.

For ranging about for more prey, three thousand English Protestants, and fifteene hundred Scots met with them unawares, as they were at their repast, and with *Beltshazzar* drinking of healths for their victory.

The Rebels espying them, and seeing their odds in number two for one, betooke them to their heeles, and presently made unto a Bog of some two Acres of ground. The protestants made after them as fast as they could, but could not go into them, being not used to such liquid ground; but they compassed them round about, and permitted not a man to escape.

The rebels seeing this, that they must either fight or dye through Famine, desperately blew their Trumpet, and beat up their drums, resolving to dye by sword, then miserably to dye by Famine.

But diving providence would not suffer such Miscreants to beat any longer, and so the Rebels being

being invironed thus on every ſide, were every man of them put to the ſword, as a juſt recompence for their rebellion cruelty, to the number of 2500. men.

By which victories two honourable Ladies were redeemed, and happily the lives of many hundred by this ſo opportune an Overthrow.

Then the drums beate up, and the Earle of *Clanrickard* marched towards the City of Talow with his forces, which were in number 500. foot, and 100. horſe, where within the ſpace of halfe a mile they eſpyed the rebels forces, and there marching towards them, the Earle of Clare cauſed a file of men to be drawne out to play againſt them, whereupon a bloody Combat did inſue, and the Rebels had the worſt: this battell held from 9. of the clocke in the morning till 3. in the afternoone, and in the ſpace of 6. houres were ſlaine on the rebels ſide about the number of 500. and of the proteſtants 50. whereof was 40. foot and 10 horſe. then the rebels were fayne to flye, and it is thought that they are gone to renew their forces, and to have another battell with the Earle of Clanrickard.

God grant us ſtill the victory, and ever ſucceſſe againſt our enemies. Amen.